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THE TALE OF ALLAN LORBURNE.

Concluded from Page 415.

"It was now drawing towards the morning dawn—the moon sank on the western wave—the stars began to fade, and that faint flush of silvery light, which precedes the sun, began to shoot upward from the dark-brown summit of an eastern hill. The air was sharp and cold; and those chill breezes, which usher in the dawn, carried so much moisture with them as rendered rapid motion needful to keep up animal heat. My comrade, accustomed much to the balmy and warm evenings of a milder climate, shrunk from my side, and sheltering himself within a mass of cable which lay on deck, coiled himself up within the folds like a snake, and desired me to look sharply out on sea and shore; and soon the murmur of profound sleep told me, that watching was over with him.

"As I paced to and fro I heard a sound of oars dipping gently in the water, on the shaded side of the isle—I heard once or twice a faint low whistle, resembling a sea-bird's scream, and I thought I could distinguish too the tone of a female voice—probably the same which had disturbed my companion. We were anchored under the shelter of a headland rock, distant from land a short pistol shot. All at once twelve or fifteen boats came past the headland—four rowers were in each, and nets and mantles lay in the bottom. I imagined they were a fishing party, and stood on the ship's side surveying them as they came swiftly onwards. When they were opposite us, a figure rose from the bottom of the rearward boat, drew a bow, and at the moment I heard the shaft sing, I felt it strike deep into my thigh. I cried aloud with the pain; and as I leaned against the rail, I saw eight or ten armed men start up from the bottom of each boat, and shouting out, "Macleod! Macleod!" they made for the vessel side. Our captain and men were instantly in motion, and with pistol and cutlass crowded the deck, and endeavoured to repel the attack which commenced on all sides at once. I never before or after beheld an attack so fiercely made. The islanders, inured to arms, and accustomed to the dangers of sea and rock, forced their way once or twice upon deck, but were instantly repulsed, and for a while I imagined the pirates would prevail. The islanders lashed several of their boats together, and six men abreast sought to scale the side—shots and stabs were eagerly given from above and from below; and the mariners, armed with long boarding pikes, fought desperately and well.

"As I lay wounded and bleeding, and looking on this fierce contest, I beheld the mother of the maiden we had carried away, with a pistol in her girdle, and a spear in her hand. She flew to her kinsmen, who had that moment recoiled from the attack; and, stamping her foot, exclaimed, "Are ye men, and dread the spear and the pistol of wretches such as these?—I have suffered wrongs might make heroes of ordinary men—yet you are less than men—if you were women, you would follow me—but alone I will go, and eternal shame befal you!" and with gleaming eyes, and streaming hair, and a cry of indescribable agony, she flew to the ship, and in a moment mounted the deck. The mariners seemed overawed by her presence and her wrongs, and recoiled a step or two:—I never beheld a figure so grandly heroic. Her dilated and flashing eyes, her form, which ap-

peared to expand as she confronted her enemies, and her voice, losing at once its soft and maternal tones, and resounding like the trumpet call, as she exclaimed, 'Wretches, I am her mother,' seemed to wither their hearts and chain their hands.

"At the sound of her voice Borthwick flew from the other side of the ship, where he had with difficulty repelled another attack, and muttering a deep imprecation, rushed towards her with his cutlass waving about his head, till it whistled like the falcon's wing. I hope an act of virtue will redeem the sin I unwillingly committed in keeping company with those wretches:—another moment—and before her kinsmen, who now ascended the deck on all sides, could have come to her assistance, her head had been cleft:—just as the blade was in its fatal descent, a ball from my pistol arrested his career for ever, and stretched him lifeless on the deck at her feet. I could not help uttering a shout of joy, and giving an ineffectual tug at the arrow, which stood fixed in my thigh, turned my face from them, and said, 'Now I die contented.' The contest was soon over; the pirates were cut down on all sides. The Highland wrath was kindled, and nothing but blood could appease it. As they walked among the slain, one of them observed me, and drawing his sword, surveyed me for the death-stroke. The mother and her daughter came at that instant from below—the former interposed with a scream, and said, as she laid her arms softly about me, 'Harm him not, harm him not,—this sweet and blessed boy has saved my life this morn—he has been borne away from his mother's bosom, and can feel for a mother's wrongs. But bless thee, my child, thou art sore wounded—the arrow of the avenger is in thy flesh: here, kinsmen, hold his hands and his feet, till I withdraw the weapon and redeem him from death.' Having cut away the cloth, she touched the weapon with a gentle and a skilful hand, and, after a sharp pang or two, removed it from the wound. 'Here,' she said, 'Flora, my daughter, lay thy young lips to this deep wound, and suck forth the venom of the rusty dart, which hath harmed thy deliverer.' And the maiden knelt down, applied two soft red lips to the wound, and then bound it up, and I felt greatly relieved.

"'We have slain a crew of marauders,' said one islander, 'and have taken the vessel which has wrought so much woe among the western isles—let us hoist the pennon of the Macleod topmast high, and bear the ship home as a trophy. The spoil of silver and of gold we also will divide among us.' 'Who talks of their ship for a trophy, and their riches for a spoil?' said another islander, in whom I recognised the Seer of the island-spring—'Cursed be the hand that felled the timber, the hand that framed it into a ship, and the hand that launched it upon the ocean: accursed are its decks, accursed are its gains, and accursed are they who shall man again her bloody and slippery deck. Let her riches be sunk in the deep sea, and her timbers consumed with fire, or the wrath of Heaven may find us—and I, Donald Macmurrach, have spoken it.' 'Let us consume it then with fire,' shouted the islanders, 'since our Seer has said it;' and as they spoke, fire was thrown upon deck, and applied to the dry timber in the cabin: the flame, seizing the sides, flew upwards to the sails, and a long broad stream of glowing and pitchy light followed us far on our homeward way through the ocean. Such was my first maritime adventure and such the end of the pirates and their vessel."

BATTLES OF DRUMCLOG AND BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

Concluded from Page 406.

At this moment one of the life guards armed a blow at Hackstone. My sword received it—and a stroke from Nesbit laid the foeman's hands and sword in the dust. He fainted and tumbled from his saddle. We reined our horses, and galloped to our main

body. But what a scene presented itself here! These misguided men had their eyes now fully opened on their fatal errors. The enemy were bringing up their whole force against them. I was not long a near spectator of it; for a ball grazed my courser. He plunged and reared—then shot off like an arrow. Several of our officers drew to the same place. On a knoll we faced about. The battle raged below us. We beheld our commander doing every thing that a brave soldier could do with furious men against an overpowering foe. Burley and his troops were in close conflict with Claver's dragoons. We saw him dismount three troopers with his own hand. He could not turn the tide of battle, but he was covering the retreat of these misguided men. Before we could rejoin him, a party threw themselves in our way. Bennaway, one of Clavers's officers, led them on. Would to God that this were Graham himself, some of my comrades ejaculated aloud. He falls to my share, said I, whoever the officer be. I advanced. He met me. I parried several thrusts. He received a cut on the left arm; and the sword, by the same stroke, shore off one of the horse's ears; it plunged and reared. We closed again. I received a severe stroke on my left shoulder. My blow fell on his sword arm. He reined his horse around, retreated a few paces, then returned at full gallop. My courser reared instinctively as his approached. I received his stroke on the back of my ferrara; and, by a back stroke, I gave him a deep cut on the cheek; and before he could recover a position of defence, my sword fell with a terrible blow on his steel cap. Stunned by the blow, he bent himself forward—and grasping the mane, he tumbled from his saddle, and his steed galloped over the field. I did not repeat the blow. His left arm presented his sword, his right arm was disabled; his life was given to him. My companions having disposed of their antagonists, and some of them had two, we paused to see the fate of the battle. Dalzell and Livingstone were riding over the field, cutting down all in their way. Monmouth was galloping from rank to rank calling on his men to give quarter. Clavers, to wipe off the disgrace of Drumclog, was committing fearful havoc. Can we not find Clavers, said Halhead.—"No," said Captain Paton, "the gallant Colonel takes care to have a solid guard of his rogues about him. I have sought him over the field, but I found him as I now perceive him, with a mass of his guards about him." At this instant we saw our General, at some distance, disentangling himself from the men who had tumbled over him in the *melée*. His face, and hands, and clothes were covered with gore. He had been dismounted, and was fighting on foot. We rushed to the spot and cheered him. Our party drove back the scattered bands of Dalzell. "My friends," said Sir Robert, as we mounted him on a stray horse, "the day is lost! But—you, Paton; you, Brownlee of Torfoot; and you, Halhead, let not that flag fall into the hands of these incarnate devils. We have lost the battle, but by the grace of God, neither Dalzell nor Clavers shall say that he took our colours. My ensign has done his duty. He is down. This sword has saved it twice. I leave it to your care. You see its perilous situation." He pointed with his sword to the spot. We collected some of our scattered troops, and flew to the place. The standard bearer was down, but he was still fearlessly grasping the flag-staff, while it was borne upright by the mass of men who had to rown themselves in fierce contest around it. Its well known blue and scarlet colours, and its motto, "*Christ's crown and covenant*," in brilliant gold letters, inspired us with a sacred enthusiasm. We gave a loud cheer to the wounded ensign, and rushed into the combat. The redemption of that flag cost the foe many a valiant man. They fell beneath our broad swords; and, with horrible execrations dying on their lips, they gave up their souls to their Judge.

Here I met in front that ferocious

dragoon of Clavers, named Tam Halliday, who had, more than once in his raids, plundered my halls; and had snatched the bread from my weeping babes. He had just seized the white staff of the flag. But his tremendous oath of exultation (we of the Covenant never swear)—his oath had scarcely passed its pollute dthreshold, when this Andro Ferrara fell on the guard of his steel and shivered it to pieces. "Recreant loon!" said I, "thou shalt, this day, remember thy evil deeds." Another blow on his helmet laid him at his huge length, and made him bite the dust. In the *melée* that followed, I lost sight of him. We fought like lions—but with the hearts of Christians. While my gallant companions stemmed the tide of battle, the standard, rent to tatters, fell across my breast. I tore it from the staff, and wrapt it round my body. We cut our way through the enemy, and carried our General off the field.

Having gained a small knoll, we beheld once more the dreadful spectacle below. Thick volumes of smoke and dust rolled in a hazy cloud over the dark bands mingled in deadly fray. It was no longer a battle but a massacre. In the struggle of my feelings I turned my eyes on the General and Paton. I saw in the face of the latter an indescribable contest of passions. His hand grasped his sword. "I cannot yet leave the field," said the undaunted Paton—"With the General's permission, I shall try to save some of our wretched men beset by those hell hounds. Who will go? —At Kilsyth I saw service. When deserted by my troop, I cut my way through Montrose's men and reached the spot where Colonels Hackett and Strachan were." We left the field together. Fifteen dragoons attacked us. We cut down thirteen—and two fled. Thirteen next assailed us.—We left ten on the field—and three fled.—Eleven Highlanders next met us. We paused and cheered each other. "Now Johnny," cried Hacket to me, "put forth your metal, else we are gone." Some others we sent after their comrades, and two fled—"Now, who will join this raid?"* "I will be your leader," said Sir Robert, as we fell into the ranks.—We marched on the enemy's flank. "Yonder is Clavers," said Paton, while he directed his courser on him. The bloody man was, at that moment, nearly alone, hacking to pieces some poor fellows already on their knees and disarmed, and imploring him by the common feelings of humanity to spare their lives. He had just finished his usual oath against their "*feelings of humanity*," when Paton presented himself. He instantly let go his prey, and slunk back into the midst of his troopers. Having formed them he advanced. We formed, and made a furious onset. At our first charge his troop reeled. Clavers was dismounted. But at that moment Dalzell assailed us on the flank and rear. Our men fell around us like grass before the mower. The bugle men sounded a retreat. Once more in the *melée* I fell in with the General and Paton. We were covered with wounds. We directed our flight in the rear of our broken troops. By the direction of the General I had unfurled the standard. It was borne off the field flying at the sword's point. But that honour cost me much. I was assailed by three fierce dragoons: five followed close in the rear. I called to Paton—in a moment he was by my side. I threw the standard to the General, and we rushed on the foe. They fell beneath our swords; but my faithful steed, which had carried me through all my dangers, was mortally wounded. He fell. I was thrown in among the fallen enemy. I fainted. I opened my eyes on misery. I found myself in the presence of Monmouth—a prisoner—with other wretched creatures, awaiting, in awful suspense, their ultimate destiny." W. C. B.

* This chivalrous defiance is recorded, I find, in the life of Capt. Paton, in the "Scots Worthies." Edin. edit. of A. D. 1812. This celebrated officer was trained up to warfare in the army of Charles Gustavus, king of Sweden. This is a specimen of those heroic Whigs who brought about the Revolution of A. D. 1688.

THE OLD SEAMAN.—A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

I LIKE a sailor. He is the oldest boy that wears a jacket;—frank, generous, playful, and somewhat pugnacious. Not that he will fight for nothing;—but he will battle for glory, for that is like a ship's name; or, if men wear wooden shoes, he will drub them for it, though he should get a leg made of the same leather. Talk of "our Wives and Liberties,"—he will fight for "Doll of Wapping," and get into a French prison. But for laurel—or wreaths of it,—he would rather win rolls of pigtail; and as for palms—"Palmam qui meruit ferat,"—he has lost his hand and the palm with it. Immortality is not his aim: but he is a Dryad up to the knees; and, so far, he will not die like "*all flesh*." Gout, or cramp, or rheumatism, what are they to him?—he is a Stoic as far as the timber goes. Wooded,—but not watered,—for he hates grog, except for the liquor that is in it. He looks like a human peg-top: you might spin him with a coil of cable. Talk of your improved rollers, and drilling machines, and sowing machines,—he is the best dibble for potatoes—but that will soon enough be discovered of him when he comes to his parish. One of his arms too is a fin: and he has lost an eye. It is the starboard one, and looks as if it had the wind in it—but it was blown out with gunpowder. He was in the Spitfire, off Cape Cod, when she took fire in the gun-room, and flew up like a rocket! He went aloft almost to his cherub, and when he came down again he was half dead and half blind: one window, as he said, was as dark as night;—but he makes light of it. All his bereavements—eye—arm—leg—are trifles to him: one, indeed, is a standing jest. He often takes off his wooden leg.—Diogenes was nothing to him as a philosopher: he is proud even of his misfortunes. Whilst others bewail their scratches, and plaster their razor cuts, he throws open his blue jackets, and shows the deep furrowed scars, and exclaims, "Talk not to me of *seams!*"

To see an old seaman is to see a man. An old soldier, in the comparison, looks like an old woman—perhaps, because his uniform is red like her cloak. But a sailor has fought with more adversaries—the fire of the foe—the ice of the North Pole—the struggle of the winds—and the assault of the wild waters. The elements are his playmates, and his home is the wild sea. "He is," says Sir T. Overbury—"a pitcht peece of reason caickt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests." He has encountered shrieking hurricanes—billows, like mountains with the white sheep atop—and rocks, like the door-posts of death! He has circumvented the quicksand, and been too cunning for the deep! Wind, wave, rock,—showers of shot,—bayonet and cutlas,—he has withstood them all, either by force or skill.—What a fine flesh and blood trophy—(and some wood too)—is he of various victory! The roaring sea, the howling gale, the thundering cannon,—his old adversaries,—sing his triumph over them. What has he not braved and endured? We "love him for the dangers he has passed;" as the gentle Desdemona loved her husband, the Moor, the more he recounted of his perils. He can talk too of—

> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n—
> And of the cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

A good lie, to do him justice, is no labour to him: but on the other hand he is as freely credulous. It was he who saw the man hunted by devils into Vesuvius—or Etna—as it is written and witnessed upon oath in his log-book. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt upon their tails, and he will believe you; for he knows that cod fish are so taken. He has a great faith in the Kraken. If you will credit him, he has hooked one larger than the sea's bottom, with the best bower anchor;—and he has seen the

Sea-Serpent and the Mermaid. Some at least of his wonders he can show you: he has a flying fish in his chest, and a young dolphin—besides cock-roaches, which eat up one's linen in the West Indies;—but the blue shark he has given to a friend. The green parrot too he has parted with, but with more kindness than discretion; for he sent it to an old aunt, and she was pleased at the gift; but the bird, it turned out, blasphemed, and she was still more shocked at the giver. It is worth one ear to listen to him when, with these marvels, he talks over his voyages, his engagements, his adventures, and, above all, his residence amongst the savages; and how he made Christians of them—and some of them, as he says, d——d good ones too! On this matter he is frequent; won to it, perhaps, by the remembrance of the flattering court paid him by the great king, Ea Tooa, and the pearly smiles of the black Princesses. Only on one subject is he more eloquent:—his ship! There he luxuriates: there he talks poetry! It is a doubt whether he could describe his mistress better. She sits upon the spray—speaking pastorally—like a bird. She is the fleetest of the fleet. Tacking, or close-hauled, or under bare poles, there is none can compare with her. To see her in full dress—skysrapers, and royals, and stud sails, is to fancy one of those lady ships, who from Trojan galleys were changed into sea-nymphs;—

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

For all that he has endured, our mariner has only been made a gunner's mate; but "one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle." Poor Bill was not a spoon-bill. He was brought up to the sea; for he was born on board ship, cradled on the ocean, schooled in the fleet, and should have married a mermaid; but, as the tale goes, she jilted him, and he took up with Nancy Dawson, with whom he fell in love because she was so like the ship's figure-head. At twelve years old he was wrecked in the Agamemnon: at fourteen he was taken in the Vengeur; and at thirty he was blown up in the Spitfire. What a sea-fortune! But he never quarrelled with his profession, nor—as his good mother sometimes advised him—*threw up the sea.* He was never sick of it. At last, in the engagement off Trafalgar, under the immortal Nelson he lost his arm by a shot; but, binding it up, he persisted in remaining upon deck, if it were only, as he said, to have satisfaction for it—the next broadside carried away both his legs. He was then grafted. Now he is ancient and quite grey; but he will not confess to age: "it is through going to the North Pole," he says, "for there the hares turn white in winter." Such a fragment as he would be a fit inmate of the noble hospital at Greenwich—but he is an out-pensioner, and wanders through the country; he preferred it. It was at a farm-house in Berkshire that I met with him, and learned these snatches of his history. The dogs barked, as they will do at a beggar; the people of the house said, "There comes old Bill!" and in came this Ancient Mariner, thrusting a fistful of ballads before him. He stamped in with a fine smiling assurance, and heaving his old glazed hat into the middle of the floor, took possession of a low elbow-chair by the fire. His old bronzed forehead was rugged and weather-beaten like a rock, and the white hair sprinkled over it like the foam of his own ocean. A lean puckered eyelid seemed to squeeze the light out again from one little grey twinkling eye; but the other was blind and blank. His face was red, and cured by the salt sea air, and warranted "to keep in any climate," but his cheeks were thin, and his nose and chin sharp and prominent. Still he smiled, and seemed to wear a happy heart that had never been among breakers; and he sang one of his old sea songs with a firm jolly voice. He only wanted more rum and tobacco to set the world at defiance: and he thought it hard he

could not have them. "Have you no parish?" asked the farmer, who was himself an overseer. "Parish!—aye to be sure I have," said the old tar, "every man has his parish—but no one likes to go to it that has got his limbs, thank God, and can go about picking up where he pleases."—"But they will relieve you."—"Aye, aye, I know that," said the sailor, shaking his head; "they offered me as good as eight shilling a week if I would give 'em up my pension, and go into the House of Correction—but I liked my liberties better."—"But you would at least have a house over you; and as much soup and gruel"—"Soup and gruel!" said the old man, with a brisk volley of oaths; "soup and gruel!—what! a man here that has fought for his king and country, and lost his precious limbs, and has ate beef and biscuit, to be fed upon pap and spoon-victuals! No, damme—but come, hand us over a drop of that beer to sop my crust in." T.

LORD BYRON IN ITALY.

(From a Monthly Publication.)

WERE I to say that we led an agreeable life in this *amphibious city (Venice,)* I should say the thing that was not true. In many respects, we are more changeable than the weather, and, in the circle of our little society, every thing depends upon the state of it. His Lordship is completely weather-struck in all his actions. If the day is fine, he is gay; if cloudy, he is dull and dependent; if stormy, he is wild and extravagant; if calm, he is placid, cheerful, witty, and free; if foggy and sultry, he is very sullen, peevish, and must not be spoken to. In short, he is our thermometer—by him we know the state of the atmosphere before we have opened a window or door in the morning; and he is the prime agent of our sorrows and joys. We are as anxious

——"To trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face,"

as ever Goldsmith's boys did that of the village schoolmaster. His Lordship's anxiety to please, and make all happy about him, often puts him to great misery, in striving vainly to conquer his disposition, and combat passions which are incontrollable, and like the laws of the Medes and Persians, cannot be altered. People, who measure other persons' ways by the "rule and line" observed in well regulated English families, have probably assigned to my Lord Byron and suite, a regular family maxim here. No such thing. We are only regular in one thing, and that is in doing nothing but what is irregular. We have changed hotels fourteen times in fourteen months, for reasons unknown to me, except in a few cases. One hotel we left because a church opposite chose to ring its bells every morning before day-light. The Bishop offered to cease ringing for a sum of money, to be paid to the ringers. His Lordship swore (he swears as well as a Lord that had never left London), it was an attempt to extort, and that his money should never *ring the changes* in his Grace's pocket. This caused a change. The owner of the hotel, afraid of losing so good a customer, offered to have the *clappers muzzled* at his own cost: but his Lordship had "read" him and the Bishop out by "bell, book, and candlelight," and consigned them to the devil, in his way. We pitched our tents in a house near the Rialto, and here we should have done very well, but, unluckily, a lower apartment, which reached the whole length of the dwelling, struck his Lordship as offering every convenience for a stable; it had formerly been used as a chapel, and was hallowed in the owner's estimation; he refused to have it polluted by horses. His Lordship "wrote him down an ass," and left him in high dudgeon. There was an Italian poem appeared on the occasion, but it would not do in an English dress. In St. Mark's-place, we quitted at midnight a conscientious Venetian's splendid palace, because, forsooth, he took it into his head to refuse admission to unmarried

ladies after dark, without an extra premium for his apartments, to pay a father Confessor for weekly purifications. Another we ran from with horror, solely from his Lordship having discovered that the mistress bore a strong resemblance to the devil in "Dante's Inferno." These are the only removals I can account for. At present we are set down opposite St. Mark's Church, and have been for some time. At times we see a great deal of company, and keep it up day and night, by land and water, like jolly fellows. *Vice versa* for weeks we see no company but his Lordship's Newfoundland dog and the ———, eating in our separate apartments, and meeting in the evening to smoke each other with segars, and go drily to bed like automatons. This is all owing to his Lordship's whims. When these fits are on him he goes to the theatre, and receives company in his box, himself *en deshabille*, or rather *deshabilly*, being ungartered and negligent to slovenliness. This in Venice is a common way of showing your nobility—but his Lordship is no imitator—he does it he knows not why nor wherefore, and cares not one straw for the world's opinion. At such times the ——is, the only one that dares take a liberty with him; he puts up with her romping, singing, dancing, and sarcasms, but only puts up with them. He expresses no dissent at what she does, but his features remain as rigid and morose as those upon the bust of Cato. It is now that he becomes a *water-spaniel*, and remains for half a day together on the billows of the Adriatic. He can do every thing but sleep on the water, and with his little boat and dog, alternately swimming and rowing, he visits the neighbouring continent and islands, where he is known by the name of "the Devil."—He will return in the night, have his boat on the strand, and go to his upper appartment unattended. A summons for the household to go to breakfast is, perhaps, the first notice any one has of his arrival. Riding is a favourite amusement, though here the only spot on which he can enjoy the sport is not 100 yards in extent, and the natives stare at him as the Peruvians did at the Spaniards, when they believed man and horse to be one and the same body. It is so much the fashion here to ape Lord Byron, that several Italian *noblesse* have their *menages* of four or five "gallant steeds," and not half an acre of ground to exercise them upon. We have not many English admitted into our *sanctum sanctorum*; there is a prejudice against them, and, unless they come with the recommendations of genius and talent of their own, any other claim to notice is little valued. Mr. ——, one of your M.P.'s, and his family, had letters of introduction to his Lordship. He was very *quizzically* received, and would never have got footing in our hotel had not his lady, a young, gay, and witty creature, observed the scrutinizing glance searching her husband through, and exclaimed—"Ah, my Lord, he will not bear looking into; you must take him from outward appearances, as I and his constituents did, and that for better for worse too, or you must not take him at all." His Lordship took her hand, smiled, and Mr —— sat down, satisfied that the honour was done to his merits, which was a gallant tribute to his wife's superior attractions.

You ask me a very simple question, and I should be a simpleton to attempt answering it—"Where," you you say, "does Lord Byron get his poetry from?" Truly, now, do you think it is begot in his brain by one of the muses, or do you think he dives for it in the waves of the Venetian gulph? I can tell you what a boy on our establishment said. A person questioned him, "Pray Jerome, is his Lordship writing that note for me?" "No, Sir," said Jerome; "he is writing poetry." "How do you know that Sir?"—"Because he is scratching his head." This is all I know of the matter, and now you are as wise as I am.

His Lordship is an admirer of theatricals, and the performers are always welcome to his evening parties. I

never knew him entertain them at dinner; and at an evening *conversazione*, it is understood, any one may be admitted without distinction. There is a pride in this you would not suspect in Lord Byron—but it is true. We have had of late an English singer, of considerable eminence, in the Italian school, into which he came five years ago as a pupil, and is now become a master. He came here under very odd circumstances, as a prisoner to the state galleys.

PORTUGUESE SUPERSTITION.

(From "Southey's History of the Peninsular War.")

THE French, in the pride of their strength, and their ignorance of the national character, despised this poor oppressed people too much to be in any fear of what despair might impel them to; and one remarkable effect of the general misery tended at once to increase their contempt and their security. There exists in Portugal a strange superstition concerning King Sebastian, whose re-appearance is as confidently expected by many of the Portuguese as the coming of the Messiah by the Jews. The rise and progress of this belief forms a curious part of their history: it began in hope, when the return of that unhappy prince was not only possible, but might have been considered likely; it was fostered by the policy of the Braganzan party after all reasonable hope had ceased; and length of time served only to ripen it into a confirmed and rooted superstition, which even the intolerance of the Inquisition spared, for the sake of the loyal and patriotic feelings in which it had its birth. The Holy Office never interfered farther with the sect than to prohibit the publication of its numerous prophecies, which were suffered to circulate in private. For many years the persons who held this strange opinion had been content to enjoy their dream in private, shrinking from observation and from ridicule; but, as the belief had begun in a time of deep calamity, so now, when a heavier evil had overwhelmed the kingdom, it spread beyond all former example. Their prophecies were triumphantly brought to light, for only in the promises which were there held out could the Portuguese find consolation; and proselytes increased so rapidly that half Lisbon became Sebastianists. The delusion was not confined to the lower orders—it reached the educated classes; and men who had graduated in theology became professors of a faith which announced that Portugal was soon to be the head of the Fifth and Universal Monarchy. Sebastian was speedily to come from the Secret Island; the Queen would resign the sceptre into his hands; he would give Buonaparte battle near Evora on the field of Sertorius, slay the tyrant, and become monarch of the world. These events had long been predicted; and it had long since been shown that the very year in which they must occur was mystically prefigured in the arms of Portugal. Those arms had been miraculously given to the founder of the Portuguese monarchy; and the five wounds were represented in the shield by as many round marks or ciphers, two on each side, and one in the middle. Bandarra, the shoemaker, who was one of the greatest of their old prophets, had taught them the mystery therein. Place two O's one upon the other, said he, place another on the right hand, then make a second figure like the first, and you have the date* given. The year being

* A Sebastianist was explaining this to P. Jose Agostinho de Macedo, who asked him, now he had made out the 808, where the thousand was? The believer pointed to the flag staff from which the Portuguese colours were flying on the Mint—There it is, straight and upright, behind the five wounds, which the voice of the Prophet has converted into ciphers.

Another prophecy gave the date by thirty pair of scissars, the bows standing for ciphers; and the scissars, when opened, each represented a Roman X. I am not sufficiently versed in the arithmetic of the prophets to discover how this is summed up into 1808.

thus clearly designated, the time of his appearance was fixed for the holy week: on Holy Thursday they affirmed the storm would gather, and from that time till the Sunday there would be the most tremendous din or battle that had ever been heard in the world, —for this April was the month of Lightning which Bandarra had foretold. In pledge of all this, some of the bolder believers declared that there would be a full moon on the 19th of March,—when she was in the wane! It was a prevalent opinion that the *Encoberto*, or the Hidden One, as they called Sebastian, was actually on board the Russian squadron!

Those parts of the old prophecies which clearly pointed to the year 1810, when the event for which they were intended was accomplished, were omitted in the copies which were now circulated and sought with equal avidity. Other parts were easily fitted to the present circumstances. A rhyme, importing that he of Braganza would go out and he of France would come in, which was written concerning the war of the Succession, was now interpreted to point to the Prince of Brazil and Buonaparte; and the imperial eagle, which was preserved in the Spanish banners after Charles the Fifth, and against which so many denunciations had been poured out, was the advice of this new tyrant. The Secret Island had lately been seen from the coast of Algarve, and the quay distinguished from which Sebastian was to embark, and the fleet in which he was to sail. The tongues of the dumb had been loosed, and an infant of three months had distinctly spoken in Lisbon, to announce his coming. One believer read prophecies in the lines of those sea-shells upon which a resemblance to musical characters may be fancied. The effect of this infatuation was that in whatever happened the Sebastianists found something to confirm their faith, and every fresh calamity was hailed by them as a fulfilment of what had been foretold. The emigration of the Prince and the entrance of the French were both in the prophecies, and both therefore were regarded with complacency by the believers. When the French flag was hoisted they cried Bravo! these are the eagles at the sight of which Bandarra, one of the greatest prophets that ever existed, shed tears! During the tumult in Lisbon their cry was, Let them fire! let them kill! all this is in the prophecies. This folly gave occasion to many impositions, which served less to expose the credulity of individuals than to increase the prevalent delusion. One Sebastianist found a letter from King Sebastian in the belly of a fish, appointing him to meet him at night on a certain part of the shore. A more skilful trick was practised upon another with perfect success. An egg was produced with the letters V. D. S. R. P. distinctly traced upon the shell; the owner of the hen in whose nest it was deposited fully believed that it had been laid in this state, and the letters were immediately interpreted to mean *Vive Dom Sebastian Rei de Portugal*. The tidings spread over the city, and crowds flocked to the house. The egg was sent round on a silver salver to the higher order of believers. After it had been the great topic of conversation for three days it was carried to Junot, by whom it was detained as worthy of being placed in the National Museum at Paris. These things naturally excited the contempt and ridicule of the French; nevertheless, when Junot, as if to put out of remembrance the very names of the Royal Family, ordered the ships that were called after the Prince and the Queen to be called the Portuguese and the City of Lisbon; he altered the name of the St. Sebastian also.

THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAN'S.

It is not generally known that the metropolis of Ireland contains a very singular subterraneous curiosity—a burial-place, which from the chemical properties of the soil, acts with a certain embalming influence upon the

bodies deposited within it. I speak of the Vaults beneath St. Michan's Church—a scene where those who have the firmness to go down and look death in the face will find an instructive commentary upon the doctrines of moral humanitarian that are periodically preached above.

You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is to find that decay has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances the coffins have altogether disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains within, still unsullied by death from their original form. But the great conqueror of flesh and blood, and of human pride, is not to be baffled with impunity. Even his mercy is dreadful. It is a poor privilege to be permitted to hold together for a century or so, until your coffin tumbles in about your ears, and then to reappear, half skeleton, half mummy, exposed to the gazes of a generation that can know nothing of your name and character beyond the prosing tradition of your moralizing sexton. Among these remnants of humanity, for instance, there is the body of a pious gentlewoman, who, while she continued above ground, shunned the eyes of men in the recesses of a convent. But the veil of death has not been respected. She stands the very first on the sexton's list of posthumous rarities, and one of the most valuable appendages of his office. She is a buried treasure. Her sapless cheeks yield him a larger rent than some acres of arable land; and what is worse, now that she cannot repel the imputation, he calls her to her face "The Old Nun." In point of fact, I understood that her age was one hundred and eleven, not including the forty years that have elapsed since her second burial in St. Michan's.

Death, as has been often observed, is a thorough Radical, and levels all distinctions. it is so in this place. Beside the Nun there sleeps, not a venerable abbess, or timid novice, or meek and holy friar, but an athletic young felon of the 17th century, who had shed a brother's blood, and was sentenced for the offence to the close custody of St. Michan's vaults. This was about one hundred and thirty years ago. The offender belonged to a family of some consideration, which accounts for his being found in such respectable society.

The preservative quality of these vaults is various in its operation upon subjects of different ages and constitutions. With regard to the latter, however, it does not appear that persons who had been temperate livers enjoy any peculiar privileges. The departed toper resists decay as sturdily as the ascetic; supplying Captain Morris with another "reason for to fill his glass again." But it is ascertained that children are decomposed almost as rapidly here as elsewhere. Of this, a touching illustration occurs in the case of a female who died in child-birth, about a century ago, and was deposited in St. Michan's. Her infant was laid in her arms. The mother is still tolerably perfect; exemplifying, by her attitude, the parental "passion strong in death;" but the child has long since melted away from her embrace. I inquired her name, and was rather mortified to find that it had not been preserved.

But I was chiefly affected by the relics of two persons, of whom the world has unfortunately heard too much: the ill-fated brothers John and Henry Sheares. I had been told that they were here, and the moment the light of the taper fell upon the spot they occupy, I quickly recognised them by one or two circumstances that forcibly recalled the close of their career: the headless trunks, and the remains of the coarse, unadorned, penal shells, to which it seemed necessary to public justice that they should be consigned. Henry's head was lying by his brother's side; John's

had not been completely detached by the blow of the executioner: one of the ligaments of the neck still connects it with the body. I knew nothing of these victims of ill-timed enthusiasm except from historical report; but the companion of my visit to their grave had been their contemporary and friend, and he paid their memories the tribute of some tears; which, even at this distance of time, it would not be prudent to shed in a less privileged place. He lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates. Many of the anecdotes that he mentioned have been already published. Two or three that interested me, I had not heard before. "It was not to be expected," he said, "that such a man as John Sheares could have escaped the destiny that befel him. His doom was fixed several years before his death. His passion for freedom, as he understood it, was incurable; for it was consecrated by its association with another passion, to which every thing seemed justifiable. You have heard of the once celebrated Mademoiselle Theroigne. John Sheares was in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and was introduced to her. She was an extraordinary creature; wild, imperious, and fantastic in her patriotic paroxysms; but in her natural intervals, a beautiful and fascinating woman. He became deeply enamoured of her, and not the less so for the political enthusiasm that would have repelled another. I have head that he assisted in the uniform of the national guard at the storming of the Bastille, and that he encountered the peril as a means of recommending himself to the object of his admiration. She returned that sentiment, but she would not listen to his suit. When he tendered a proposal of marriage, she produced a pistol, and threatened to lay him dead if he renewed the subject. This I had from himself. But her rigour did not extinguish his passion. He returned to Ireland full of her image, and, I suspect, not without a hope that the success of the fatal enterprise in which he embarked might procure him, at a future day, a more favourable hearing; but of this and all his other hopes you see" (pointing to his remains) "the lamentable issue." I asked whether his mistress had heard his fate, and how she bore it. My friend replied, "When I was at Paris, during the short peace of Amiens, I asked the same question, but I met with no one that had personally known her. She was then living; in a condition, however, to which death would have been preferable. She was in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a public institution."—"John Sheares," he continued, "flung himself into the revolutionary cause from principle and temperament; but Henry wanted the energy of a conspirator: of this he was forewarned by an incident that I know to have occurred. Shortly after he had taken the oath of an United Irishman, it was towards the close of the year 1797, he was present at the election, for the city of Dublin; a riot took place at the hustings, the military interfered, and the people fled in confusion: a tradesman, who resided in the vicinity, hearing the shouts, hastily moved towards the spot to inquire the cause. The first person he met was Henry Sheares, pallid, trembling, and almost gasping for breath. He asked what had happened: Sheares, with looks and tones importing extraordinary perturbation, implored him, if he valued his life, to turn back. It was with some difficulty that the interrogator could obtain an intelligible account of the cause and extent of the danger. As soon as he had ascertained the fact, he fixed his eye on Sheares, and said, "Mr. Sheares, I know more of some matters than you may be aware of; take a friend's advice, and have no more to do with politics; you have not nerves, Sir, for the business you have engaged in." But the infatuation of the times, and the influence of his brother's character and example, prevailed. When the catastrophe came, John Sheares felt, when too late, that he should have offered the same advice. This

reflection embittered his last moments. It also called forth some generous traits that deserve to be remembered. His appeal to the Court in behalf of his brother, as given in the report of the trial, is a model of natural pathos; but I know of nothing more pathetic in conduct than a previous scene, which Curran once described to me as he had witnessed it. When Curran visited them in prison to receive instructions for their defence, John Sheares rushed forward, and embracing his knees, implored him to intercede for Henry; for himself, he offered to plead guilty; to die at an hour's notice; to reveal all that he knew with the exception of names; to do any thing that might be fairly required of him, provided the government would consent to spare his brother."

The preserving power of the vaults of St. Michan's was long ascribed by popular superstition to the peculiar holiness of the ground, but modern philosophy has unwrought the miracle by explaining, on chemical principles, the cause of the phenomenon: "Water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body." The walls and soil of these vaults abound with carbonate of lime and argillaceous earth; a compound that absorbs the moisture which is necessary to the putrefactive process. In all weathers the place is perfectly free from damp. The consequence is, that animal matter exposed to such an atmosphere, though it undergoes important chemical changes, and soon ceases to be strictly flesh, yet retains, for a length of time, its external proportions. I had occasion to observe a circumstance that proves the uncommon dryness of the air. One of the recesses, which is fastened up, is the burial-place of a noble family. On looking through the grating of the door, we saw two or three coronets glittering from the remote extremity of the cell, as brightly as if they had been polished up the day before. The attendant assured us that it was more than a year since any one had entered the place. He inserted a taper within the grating to give us a fuller view, when his statement was corroborated by the appearance of an ample canopy of cobweb, extending from wall to wall of this chamber of death, and which it must have cost the artificers many a weary day and night to weave. A curtain of the same sepulchral gauze overhung the spot where the Shearesses rest.

I had seen the Catacombs of Paris, but I was more interested, and made to feel more for others and myself, in the Vaults of St. Michan's. In the Catacombs the eye or the heart finds nothing individual to rest upon; our sympathy is dispersed over myriads of anonymous skulls and thigh-bones, and these fantastically arranged into melodramatic combinations, as if the Graces have any business under ground: and after death has picked us to the bone, our skeletons must be broken up and shuffled into attitudes conforming to the immutable principles of Parisian taste. I could never heave a sigh while promenading between those neatly trimmed hedge-rows of human bones; I thought of and pitied the workmen more than the materials. But at St. Michan's, I felt that I was really in the sepulchre and surrounded by the dead. The very absence of neatness in their distribution, and of respectful observance towards them, was a source of instructive reflection, by forewarning me of my cessation of personal importance when I shall cease to breathe. Every kick the sexton gave a chance skull or two that stopped the way, had its moral: it was as good as the festive usage in old Egypt, of handing round an image of death from guest to guest, to the words of

"Drink and be merry, for such you shall be."

In the absence of such a custom now, I know of nothing more calculated to bring down the pride of any one that piques himself too much upon his flesh and blood, than an occasional conversation in a church-yard with a sexton or gravedigger, on the subject of their

trade. It is very well as long as a man has a certain allowance of mind and muscles at his disposal, and can strut, and talk, and look big, and hum fragments of bravuras, and be seen now and then in a tandem, and resort to the other methods of commanding some deference to personal identity; but when once this important personage becomes motionless, cold, and tongue-tied, and, unable to remonstrate, is seized by the undertaker, and, as the Irish phrase is, "is put to bed with a shovel," farewell human respect!—"out of sight, out of mind:" his epitaph, if he has left assets to buy one, may, for a while, keep up a little bustle about his name, but a short dialogue with a sexton of aftertimes, over the scattered fragments of his existence, will afford a pretty accurate measure of the degree of real insignificance into which he has subsided. This is mortifying; but it is among the sources of our highest interests. Certainly, it is only natural that we should look to some future compensation for our minds, in return for the many insults their whole companions are sure to suffer when they are not by to protect them: it were an intolerable prospect otherwise. To-day to be active, happy, and ambitious, conscious of being "made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects," and to-morrow to be thing as useless lumber into a hole, and in process of time to be buffeted by gravediggers and shovelled up to make way for new comers, without a moralizer to pronounce an "Alas, poor Yorick!" over our chop-fallen crania—or, perhaps (what is still more humiliating in a posthumous point of view) to be purchased by [illegible], and hung up in dissecting rooms as models of osteology for the instruction of surgeons' mates for his Majesty's navy—the thoughts of all this would gall, as well it might, our vanity to the quick, were it not that Religion, assured of a retribution, consoles at these indignities, and discover, in every rude cuff that may be given to our dishonoured bones, a farther argument for the immortality of the soul.

VARIETIES.

Portrait Painting.—Rigo, the painter, who was among the men of science and art who accompanied the French expedition into Egypt, fell in at Cairo with a Caravan from Nubia. As the trader of the caravan had a countenance which displayed the national features in a very striking manner, Rigo resolved to paint his portrait, but was obliged to give him a considerable sum of money before he could induce him to comply with his wish. At first the Nubian seemed content with the picture; but as soon as the colours were laid on he uttered a loud cry of horror, and all endeavours to appease him were fruitless. He escaped to his home, where he related that his head and half his body had been taken away by the painter. Some days after, Rigo led another Nubian into his workshop, who was no less struck with horror at seeing the picture than the man whom it represented had been; and told all his countrymen that he had seen a great number of lopped-off heads and limbs in the Frenchman's house. They laughed at him: however, to satisfy themselves about the matter, six of them went to visit Rigo. They were seized with the same panic at the sight of his paintings, and no entreaties could prevail upon them to remain in the house.

Christmas Customs in the South of Devon.—On Christmas eve the farmer's labourers make an ashen faggot, which each of them surrounds with a band, and in the evening they convey it into the farm-house, and put it into the fire, and while it is consuming the cider jug goes briskly round. On the same evening the church singers set out to sing hymns under the windows of each house in the parish; and do not usually finish their minstrelsy till the morning, when the church bells strike out and usher in the day,

"That to the cottage and the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down."

The singers afterwards retire to

some farm house, where they are regaled with bread and cheese and cider, until the time of divine service. The church by this time is profusely decked with evergreens; and here you are sure to find the whole band of singers, who, in the intervals of the service, repeat the hymns they have sung during the night. On the evening of Twelfth-Day, the orchards are visited by the farmer's men, who fire at the apple trees, and then procure a jug of cider from the farm-house, when they vociferate

"Here's to thee,
Old apple tree
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow,
And whence we may have apples enow!
Hats full, caps full, bushel, bushel-bags full!
Aye, and our pockets full to! Hurrah!"

This done they go into the farm-house, where they drink cider and talk of their harvest feats 'till midnight. The Christmas plays of St. George and the Turkish knight, &c. sometimes form a part of the amusements during the holidays.

Women.—The following curious compliment to the fair sex is extracted from an old play, entitled *Cupid's Whirligig*:—"Who would abuse your sex that knows it? O woman, were we not born of you—should we not then honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you? And since we were made before you, should we not live and admire you as the last and most perfect work of nature? *Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice*, but *Woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.* By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the Muses the loves of the learned? Do not all noble spirits follow the Graces because they are women? There is but one phœnix, and she's a female. Was not the princess and foundress of good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O divine perfectioned woman, if to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty!—a fair woman, which is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense, even the very *summum bonum* of man's existence." This old play, written in 1607, and falsely ascribed to Shakspeare, is rarely met with, and is not likely to have fallen in the way of Burns: who, however, is one of his songs has hit upon the same idea, and almost the same words as we have marked in Italics, in the preceding passage. Burns says,

"Her 'prentice han' she* tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O!"

* Nature.

POETRY.

FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant Sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the keen stroke bends,

Even on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and Love to all.

How hardly Man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only Love again!
This spirit not to earth is given;
One had it—but HE came from Heaven;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse HE breathed, no plaint HE made;
But when in death's deep pang HE sighed,
Prayed for his murderers and died.

THE GRAVE OF THE YEAR.

BE composed every toil, and each turbulent motion
That encircles the heart in life's treacherous snares!
Be the hour that invites to the calm of devotion
Undisturbed by regrets, unincumbered with cares!
How cheerless the late blooming face of creation!
Weary Time seems to pause in his rapid career,
And fatigued with the work of his own desolation,
Looks back with a smile on the *Grave of the Year.*

Hark! the wind whistles rudely—the shadows are closing
That enwrapt his broad path in the mantle of night;
While earth's thoughtless sons are in quiet reposing,
Undismayed at the wrecks that have numbered his flight.
From yon temple, where fashion's bright tapers are lighted,
Her vot'ries in crowds, decked with garlands, appear;
And as yet their warm hopes, by no spectres affrighted,
Assemble to dance round the *Grave of the Year.*

O! I hate the stale cup which the idlers have tasted,
When I think of the ills of life's comfortless day,
How the flowers of my childhood their verdure have wasted,
And the friends of my youth have been stolen away.
They think not how fruitless the warmest endeavour
To recall the kind moments, neglected when near,
When the hours that oblivion has cancelled for ever,
Are interred by her hand in the *Grave of the Year.*

Since the last solemn reign of this day of reflection
What throngs have relinquished life's perishing breath!
How many have shed their last tear of dejection,
And closed their dim eyes in the darkness of death.
How many have *sudden* their pilgrimage ended,
And now the dark pall hath enveloped their bier!
How many have *gently* the valley descended,
And made their cold beds with the *Grave of the Year!*

'Tis the year that so late, its new beauties disclosing,
Rose bright on the happy, the careless, and gay,
Who now on their pillows of dust are reposing,
Where the sod presses damp on their bosoms of clay.
Then talk not of bliss while her smile is expiring,
Disappointment still drowns it in misery's tear;
Reflect, and be wise—for the day is retiring,
And to-morrow will dawn on the *Grave of the Year.*

Yet awhile, and no seasons around us will flourish,
But silence for each her dark mansion prepare;
Where beauty no longer her roses shall nourish,
Nor the lily o'erspread the wan cheek of despair,
But the eye shall with lustre unfading be brightened,
When it wakes to true bliss in yon orient sphere,
By sun-beams of splendour immortal enlightened,
Which no more shall go down on the *Grave of the Year.*

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